Volume LXXXI CHICAGO, August 8, 1918 Number 23

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

A CIVIC CODE.

A condensation of the Modern Ten Commandments which appeared in UNITY of July 4, by a member of the Tuesday Class.

1. Neglect not the assembling of yourselves together in the interest of morality and religion.
2. Obey the laws of thy country faithfully.
3. Neglect not nor desecrate the ballot.
4. Spoil not the earth.
5. Consecrate thy wealth to the advancement of mankind.
6. Withhold not the truth from the assessor.
7. Vouchsafe to ALL men civil and religious liberty.
8. Forget not that your liberty ends where another's freedom is menaced.
9. Kill not, hurt not any living creature needlessly.
10. Violate not the sanctities of human brotherhood.

Have we not all one Father,
Hath not one God created us?

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

ESTABLISHED 1878

$2.00 PER ANNUM

With THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS, and all other organizations and individuals seeking to widen fellowship and to realize the Brotherhood of the Spirit unrimmed by creed, form or sectarian prejudices.

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The UNITY Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

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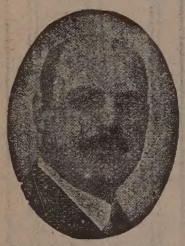

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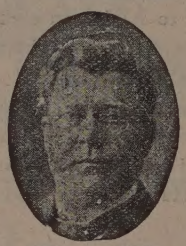

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1918 NUMBER 23

THE WATCHWORD OF THE STARS.

Night—and the cool soft air
And the murmurous sleep of the sea;
And moving up the purple East
Orion's splendid three.

Night—and the silentness,
And the shadow-brooding lea;
And moving thro' the mellow South
Orion's constant three.

Night—and the loneliness,
And the eyes that wake and weep;
But calm and patient in the West
The stars that never sleep.

What is your watchword, stars?
Tell me, Orion's three!
What is your message? . . . Love,
Patience and Constancy?

—*Ella Higginson.*

G. Shibata contributes an article to *The New Republic* for July 13 on "What Japan Is Thinking," which is packed with suggestive thought. In this article we are told that Japan's policy towards China, according to all indications, is becoming more co-operative and liberal; that it is now ready to assume towards China "the democratic attitude that she expects from western democracy," and that public opinion has shown disapproval of an aggressive policy on the part of the government. The article closes with a far reaching search for the ideal appended below. UNITY wonders if this Shibata is the same, or is related to the Shinto Archbishop Reuchi Shibata who brought to the Parliament of Religion in 1893 a plea for an international high court and a federation of nations that startled even that progressive body with unexpected prophetic clearness. Says this writer:

> The close of the war will bring the time when the growing idealism of the people, on the one hand, will be pitted against the cynicism and selfishness of the old-time nationalism on the other. Which will win? Shall Japan be asked to decide this question trustingly when the frankest and finest of the interpreters of western thought admit their deep anxiety as to the outcome? Can Japan be expected to assume that the attitude of President Wilson will dominate the peace conference at the close of the war?

The *Christian Century* takes a hopeful view of the religious outlook and seeks to justify the same by statistics. It tells us that the membership of American religious organizations has increased by over ten millions in the past ten years, with only fifteen thousand increase in worshipping congregations, which "indicates that stronger churches are being formed." It also offers as evidence that the presses are unable to meet the increasing demand for Bibles and that in religious enrollment of soldiers "the number declaring for atheism and agnosticism is negligible." This age is nothing if it is not statistical, notwithstanding the popular epigram, figures often *do* lie grievously. More to the point is the final argument in this editorial. The hopeful prospect of religion is found in the fact that it faces the new problems pressing to the front, namely, "the unification of the church, the preaching of a more rational theology and the quickening of the social conscience." We wish it might add the stiffening of individual consciences, the deepening trust in the forces of love, the lessening faith in dogma and the amelioration of hatreds based thereon.

It is short-sighted politics and an unsound political enthusiasm that would dismiss from public service tried, disciplined and wise servants on account of a certain few votes, taken on questions where great issues were involved and great minds were at variance. Such short-sightedness and political unsoundness is manifested in the politics of Wisconsin and other states where such tried and true representatives as Congressmen Cooper, Nelson, Mason and others are being opposed as unfit because with the President they hesitated in precipitating the nation into war, and because perhaps with the President they have expressed a wholesome dread of the growth of military spirit and institutions which are forever allied in the history of the world with monarchical and aristocratic efficiencies. These men and their kindred have spent laborious years in studying national interests and acquainting themselves with the complicated forces that meet in Washington. This is no time to exchange a master workman for an apprentice. It is a dangerous time to ignore men of ideals in the interest of men of passion, however noble, in the council chambers of our nation. Judgment, reason and a proven capacity for hard work are worth more than martial enthusiasms, stump oratory and platform-making amateurs. If our war experience is to be benign in its influence it will ameliorate ante-election excitements, discount partisan patriotism and magnify solid character and open-minded diligence. These are the times when, as in traditional Egypt, the vote of a prophet counts a hundred.

Professor Willett is publishing in *The Christian Century* a series of studies of "Jewish and Christian Writings of an Apocalyptic Order Outside of the

Canon." The issue of July 25 contains the sixteenth article in which he develops some interesting facts, startling to the multitude whose knowledge of the Bible is dependent upon the administrations of the pulpit, facts familiar to the scholar but sadly neglected by even the trained ministers. Among these facts are, "The books that constitute our Bible are by no means the only works that took form at the hands of Jewish and Christian teachers in the ages nearest the dawn of Christianity," beyond the so-called Apocrypha that once occupied a place between the Old and New Testaments in humble, smaller type, now almost wholly eliminated, there are still other writings that appeared during the three centuries from 200 B. C., which Dr. Willett names, "the extra-canonical Apocalypses," of which the Book of Enoch is the most conspicuous and significant representative. It is in this now obscure but then familiar and popular literature that the wild dream of the second coming of the Nazarene Master to establish on the earth his terrestrial kingdom finds its root and inspiration. It is a Christian prolongation of the old Jewish expectation of a Messiah. The Zionist's dream is logically founded upon the solemn promises and prophecies of her accredited prophets. The present Christian rage which seems to absorb so much of the attention of our religious exchanges for a second coming of the Christ, with strange recklessness has slighted its foundation with less consistency. This rich literature handled by Professor Willett is either wholly unknown or through carelessness or theological considerations ignored by those who are trying to vivify present Christianity by the wild dream. The "scholars" who are so active, and according to our orthodox exchanges, so successful in their campaign, seem to flinch before the materiality of these extra-Biblical and extra-Apochryphal dreamers. What was probably poetry to the original authors became dogmas in the hands of early Christians, and now, after twenty centuries, it has become in the hands of these modern Enochs, a system of salvation, the hope of Christendom, the short cut through human weakness, political corruption and military gore to the Kingdom of peace and love.

A writer in *The World Tomorrow* states that he has a corner in his library which he calls his T. N. T. shelf. "Here are all the literary high explosives (he) can lay (his) hands on." Five books at present occupy this shelf—Mr. Wells's "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," Helen La Motte's "The Backwash of War," Henri Barbusse's "Under Fire," Captain Latzko's "Men in War," and the anonymous "German Deserter's War Experiences." It is notable that England, America, France, Austria and Germany each furnish one of these five volumes. None is professedly a pacifist book. Each looks harmless enough in itself. But, as our writer points out, "there is that within them, as within the two ships in Halifax harbor before the collision, that may some day destroy more than a city." J. H. H.

We fear that not many pugilistic editors of current papers, or even state senators and sage cabinet officers, will stop mid the din of battle to ponder over the "Parables from Palaeontology" by Kirtley F. Mather in the July *Atlantic* wherein the dinosaur is discussed, since he who would study science must cultivate deliberation and work on long lines. Palaeontology seems far removed from politics and still the politician who would become the statesman must take council of palaeontology. This article shows with convincing clearness that the "Mammalian evolution was retarded by the dead weight of reptilian domination and by the fact that mental efficiency has always been more difficult to attain than physical prowess." But in the long run brains supplanted armaments and the downfall of the reptiles is recorded "by the complete disappearance of the gigantic saurians from their former domains," and to further quote,—"The triumph of intelligence, agility, and brainpower over brute strength, massive bulk, and sluggish mentality was complete." The upward step in the progress of life, which the author calls the Psychozoic era as the one that is to follow the Cenozoic era, the later age that palaeontologists take note of. This newer age is one in which will be developed race conscience and love which is to supplant brute force. In this Psychozoic age, which is in its incipiency, the armored ship, the loaded bomb, the sharpened bayonet, are belated survivals of the Saurian age. We quote Mr. Mather's concluding paragraph from this suggestive, conclusive and far-reaching comment on the great issues of today:

> Far back beyond the earliest records of animal life thus far revealed to us, brute-consciousness and instinct were achieved. The long geologic periods have borne fruit in the comparatively recent attainment of self-consciousness and reason. The measureless ages which stretch out into the future will see the development of race-consciousness and love. The type of the new variety of the human species was presented to us nineteen hundred years ago. The supremacy of this new variety will be gradually accomplished, just as every new group of organisms came into its own by processes of growth. Exactly the same principles of evolutionary law which controlled the changes of the past will determine those of the present and the future.
>
> To-morrow, as yesterday, the fittest will survive in the struggle for existence. But whereas in the past selfishness was the meaure of fitness, in the future survival value will be determined by breadth and depth of love. Modern science is teaching as it never was taught before that no man liveth to himself alone. Coöperation between individuals, and then between families, was essential to the life of man when he competed with the brutes of field and forest. Still greater coöperation between clans and nations is now essential to his continued life on the earth. "The moving finger

writes, and having writ moves on." Now, as always, individuals and peoples who are not in line with the great forword movements in the evolutionary trend are doomed to die.

Delving deep into the nature of the life-changes recorded in the rocks, the palæontologist may be like the householder who brings forth out of his treasure things new and old.

Walter Rauschenbusch

In recent issues we have mentioned the four names in the American ministry of the last generation that profoundly modified the thinking and still more the worship of the so-called orthodox churches: Horace Bushnell, Heber Newton, Phillips Brooks and Washington Gladden. They were men who modified the severities of Calvinism and softened the spirit of Protestantism in America. In a later generation belong the names of Charles Wagner in Europe and Walter Rauschenbusch in America. Both of them have passed out of the severities of war into the eternal calm.

Walter Rauschenbusch was born in Rochester, N. Y., on the 4th of October, 1861. He was the child of a minister, a descendant of a long line of ministers and university graduates. His father came to America in 1845 to work among the German immigrants who were then pouring into this country. For thirty years he was professor in the German department of the Rochester Theological Seminary. Walter was predestined to the ministry. For eleven years he worked in the tenement section of New York City, refusing flattering invitations to editorial and educational positions congenial to him. But he stayed to minister to the poor, the ignorant and the fallen. Caught in the toils of a Russian epidemic his ears were affected and the remainder of his life was largely spent in the silent chambers of the deaf. Seventeen years ago he became a professor in the Rochester Theological Seminary. For five years his chair was that of the New Testament. In 1902 he took the chair of Church History.

In 1907 appeared his "Christianity and the Social Crisis," a book recognized by the far-seeing and the in-seeing students as an epoch-making book which profoundly affected thinkers and preachers. It was a radicalism for which the times were waiting, a radicalism more searching, inspiring and imperative than that which hitherto had separated the "orthodox" from the "liberal" Christian. The Unitarian and the Universalist heresies about the nature of God, Christ, sin and the condition that awaited the soul after death, were remote and uninspiring compared to the radicalism of Professor Rauschenbusch. By the logic of the heart as well as of the head he transferred Christianity from a theological to a sociological basis. He made of Jesus not a theological abstraction but an Elder Brother, troubled not with the refinements of philosophy but with the corruptions of society, the wrongs of this life. John Haynes Holmes said four years after its appearance:

> In the field of the Church and the social question, one book is supreme, namely, "Christianity and the Social Crisis," by Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch. Into this book has gone the learning of the scholar, the vision of the poet, and the passion of the prophet. It is radical without bitterness.

Last year there came an enlargement and further application of this principle in his "Theology for the Social Gospel," in which he reads into the great words of religion the new meaning.

Mr. Rauschenbusch was a gentle spirit, suggesting and deserving the adjective, "Christ-like." Beloved by all who knew him, a sufferer from the ailings of the world, he has fallen a victim to the war as surely as those who have fallen in the trenches. He suffered from the spelling of his name. The harsh, blind lines of narrow nationality and the embitterments of war had no place for a man whose democracy was international, whose hatred of tyranny was open-eyed enough to see the narrowness and the cruelty of a patriotism that cannot understand the claims of universal brotherhood and the inspirations of internationalism. A beautiful Canadian home must needs be abandoned. He must not even attend to the details of forsaking it and still he was an American of Americans, perhaps the most democratic teacher of democracy in and through the churches connected with the American ministry. His radicalism was devout. The *American Magazine* for a whole year was opened with a prayer from his pen and he made literature out of the liturgical movements of the soul.

The International Young Men's Christian Association in 1916 distributed over 20,000 copies of a little book prepared for their use by this man, entitled, "The Principles of Jesus." We are told that even now, notwithstanding the distractions of war, his books are being translated into Norwegian, Swedish, Finnish and Japanese.

In his death the "Forum Movement" has lost one of its most conspicuous and successful speakers. Those who heard him on such occasions well know how skilful he was in lifting debatable problems to non-debatable heights. He could reason but would not dispute. His statements were so clear that he had no need for argument.

His home life was as beautiful and pervasive as was his life in the class room. UNITY extends its heartfelt sympathy to the surviving sisters, the wife and the five children. One daughter is doing investigating work for the Carnegie Foundation, one son is in the Ambulance Service in France and the younger son and daughter are students in the High School at Rochester.

Perhaps now that his life stands in the larger light, we may be permitted to say that in Dr. Rauschenbusch the word "pacifist" was glorified. He was a peace man because he was learned enough to know how cheap and inefficient are the triumphs of the conqueror compared with the sublime triumphs of the conquered. He knew the power of the pioneer minorities and the serenity of he who stands alone. He hated war because he loved his country. He loved America, his native land, because it was a part of the world he loved.

UNITY found in Dr. Rauschenbusch a faithful reader, a sympathetic supporter, a friend and companion. He did not need to renounce his Baptist fellowship to find fellowship with the Unitarians, Universalists or the heretics still farther on. This paragraph from the chapter on "Jesus as the Initiator of the Kingdom of God" in his last book is a more adequate interpretation and a more noble tribute of the life we mourn than anything we could write.

The God whom Jesus bore within him was not the God of one nation. The reign of God which he meant to establish was not a new imperialism with the chosen people on the top of the pile. The gospels show us Jesus in the act of crossing the racial boundary lines and outgrowing nationalistic religion. He recognized the religious qualities in a pagan; he foresaw that the Kingdom of God would cut across the old lines of division; he held up the hyphenated and heretical Samaritan as a model of humane kindness. Every time a wider contact was offered him, he seized it with a sense of exultation, like the discoverer of a new continent. That world-wide consciousness of humanity, which is coming to some in protest against the hideous disruption and hatred of the War, was won by Jesus at less cost under the tuition of God and the Kingdom ideal.

THE GIVERS.

All trailing and torn lie the banners of peace!
The nations, like children, stand shrinking and sobbing,
Amazed that their innocent pleasures must cease
And laughter give place to the cannon's hoarse throbbing.
We to whom down-trodden peoples have turned,
Knowing from Freedom we never should falter;
We for whom Liberty's torches have burned,
Now mingle our tears at Man's blood-profaned altar.

Bue we give while we weep!—though how pitiful all,
Be it treasure, or counsel, or laurels, or labor:
The whole are as tinsel on Liberty's pall
When set beside death, at love's call, for one's neighbor.
Think of the mother who offers her boy—
She is the loftiest helper and hero.
What are our silver and gold but alloy?
Weighed in her balance their measure is zero.

There, on the flowery meadows of France,
They die, our dear lads, in their dawn-hour of living;
Life they lay down in the devil's mad dance,
Striving for Freedom through glorious giving.
What is our proffer of crumbs from our joy,
Scantiest drops from our attar of roses?
Think of the mother who offers her boy—
Sacredest gift earth or heaven discloses.

Come, let us pour what we may at their feet,
Who, in sad hope, give what Fate will not spare them.
Earth's coming ages shall surely be sweet—
Recompense vast for the woes that now tear them.
See to it, lovers of Right, when at last
Present-day horror and tumult are ended,
That Liberty bought at such price shall hold fast,
And Freedom with Brotherhood ever be blended.

In the Boston Herald. —*James H. West.*

The Diplomats at Mount Vernon

I wonder what thoughts were traveling through the brains of the distinguished members of the Diplomatic Corps who listened to the principles of the new international order laid down by President Wilson as the indispensable conditions of peace in his Mount Vernon address?

If they realized at all the implications of what he was saying, it must have come to them like a series of shell shocks, trained as they are in the traditions and history of orthodox diplomacy, to witness the ruthless torpedoing of the foundations of their classic profession by the truths of the new democratic diplomacy of which President Wilson has become the world's spokesman.

The four international principles which are to be the foundations of the new world order are, according to President Wilson: (1) Democracy; (2) Justice; (3) The Golden Rule; and (4) A League of Nations.

The first, involving the democratic control of foreign policy and consequently of the diplomatic service of all nations, was bad enough for a profession which has always been considered the peculiar preserve of aristocracy and the heritage of privilege by divine right.

The second, involving the settlement of every question on the basis of the free consent of the people immediately concerned, was probably worse. It must have upset all their preconceived ideas of how these questions should be arranged on the basis of the strategic advantages or material interests of other nations because, according to all the traditions of the past, territories and peoples should be handed about from king to emperor to serve dynastic ambition or strengthen military power.

The third, involving the application of the moral law and of the principles of Christianity to the relations of States, probably seemed strangely unreal to the members of a profession trained in the methods of Realpolitik, the doctrines of Macchiavelli, the history of secret treaties and the ways of diplomatic intrigue.

And the last, involving the beginning of the United States of the World, with an International Court of Justice, a World Congress, and an international sanction for the new world organization, was the unkindest cut of all, for in its implications it means eventually the abolition of the whole diplomatic profession and the loss of their jobs, through the establishment of the federation of the world.

GEORGE NASMYTH.

"THERE WILL COME SOFT RAINS."

There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,
And swallows calling with their shimmering sound;

And frogs in the pools singing at night,
And wild-plum trees in tremulous white;

Robins will wear their feathery fire
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;

And not one will know of the war, not one
Will care at last when it is done.

Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,
If mankind perished utterly;

And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn,
Would scarcely know that we were gone.

Harper's Monthly. —*Sara Teasdale.*

THE PULPIT

A Season with the Tone Masters

We print below the fourth of a series of six sermons which were delivered by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in the pulpit of All Souls Church last April and May. The immediate inspiration for the series was the dedication of the new, beautiful Lamson Brothers Memorial Organ recently installed at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. But the larger and permanent inspiration was the conviction that the great Tone Masters, the prophets of harmony, were also the prophets of universal religion. These great composers have led the devotions of the modern world. These sermons will be printed weekly in UNITY, so far as conditions permit, during the midsummer interlude of so many of the pulpits of the land, hoping that the life stories of these great artists will afford Sunday reading and touch the lives of our readers with a new sense of beauty, that their hearts may be enriched.

The following will be the order of the topics. Special subscriptions for the course should be sent in early in order to be sure of securing the entire number.

I. The Organ, Its Story and Message.
II. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685-1750.
III. George Frederick Handel, 1685-1759.
IV. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, 1756-1791.
V. Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770-1827.
VI. Felix Mendelssohn, 1809-1847.

Stenographically Reported by Mrs. Annie Laurie Kelly.

IV

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

1756-1791

Help us to hear the heavenly music this morning, Father; to touch the notes of that conquering flute that sounds the notes of love. Help us to rise above hate, bitterness and wars' degradations. Help us, Father, to climb the mount of love. From the Olivets of the heart we may hear the celestial music that through the ages has charmed the savage breast, soothed the discouraged spirit, strengthened the weak, comforted the forlorn and given conquering power to the meek. O God of Love, the Father of all men, the keeper of the temple of peace, in the spirit of the ages, in the conscious presence of the prophets of love, help us to worship thee. Amen.

There is a quaint Oriental story of a magic flute attuned to love, that would bring the triumphs of success to whoever could or would play it. If this magic flute fell into the hands of an evil power, cold and darkness would follow. But when it fell into the bring light and victory. But when it fell into the hands of one who was in the service of light, then the forces of darkness were promptly defeated.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was such a magic flute. Wherever he went he defeated the forces of death and hate, he triumphed over weakness, sickness and poverty. He left his rivals and enemies, if he had any, far behind him. He was one of whom a noble rival said, "He will doom us all to oblivion." His is the story of a short life, thirty-five stormy years, breaking early into splendor and ending in abject defeat. Mozart was one of the famous prodigies of history. His father, a successful, hard-working, plodding cappelmeister of Salzburg, realized that to him was given a marvelous child and he devoted his unillumined love to the development of his wonderful child.

At three years old, this child played the piano, improvising in such a way as to interest the masters. At five, with his sister, four years older, the father went, as we would say in America, "on to the road," exhibiting as he put it "the wonders of God." These bewitching children entertained, thrilled and puzzled most eminent musicians, at the musical centers of Europe. From Rome to Paris, on to England and back, these prodigies, the boy of five years and the girl eight or nine years old, won not only the admiration of the musical world, but commanded the study of the psychologists and pedagogues. They were examined, investigated and reported upon for scientific associations. This little boy even then composed music that still survives, and between performances he would be found riding boy fashion his father's walking-stick as a hobbyhorse, "to London," just for fun. When he performed before the court at Munich, the Queen was so kind to him that he jumped into her lap to be cuddled, and he said, "When I grow up I will marry you, you are so good to me." On this juvenile trip the Pope knighted him, made him a "Cavalier of Harmony," a famous Italian Order similar to the "Knight of the Golden Spur."

Home again at Salzburg, for four or five years he engaged in what precocious youths are not always disposed to engage in, the most painstaking and faithful attention to his studies. The Archbishop under whom his father held an appointment happened to be a generous man, though dull, and granted him again an opportunity to leave home and do some concert work with his children.

But now the charm of childhood, the miracle of a baby performer had passed, and Mozart must combat with the forces that always stand in the way of genius, —jealousy and rivalry, and a stolid public. So the career that was so astoundingly successful as a boy, brought none of the desired results to the aspirations of the young man who at twenty, as his biographer says, knew all that the musicians had to teach him. He had compassed the musical lore of the world.

Poverty beset the little family. The father must stay at home and attend to the choir on Sundays. Reluctantly he consented to allow the boy and the mother to go "on the road." In the extremities of poverty, against the wishes of the prudent father, the young man dared to go to Paris, remembering the brilliant reception heretofore offered him and believing in the responsive nature of the Parisians. But alas, here he fared no better. It was a dire failure. The people who had showered gold watches and gold snuffboxes, rings and things upon him as a child, allowed the man to face the grim terrors of hunger.

It is a long story. I cannot tell it all. It is quite available to you in any good encyclopedia. The story will tell you of how, from art center to art center, Munich, Vienna and Prague, he went, hoping always for appointments that would drive the wolf from the door. There were many promises that were never fulfilled until, literally on his deathbed, the Emperor sent him the commission for which he had waited and which had been promised him from one weary month to another.

But it came too late. In his twenty-fifth year this loving and gentle, sweet, responsive, and delicate child of nature, under-sized and fair complexioned, as responsive to joys as he was susceptible to tears, married a woman altogether worthy of him, herself his music teacher. She shared his privations and his joys to a remarkable degree. An unfailing love and a common enthusiasm united them. In the time of his greatest need, he writes, "I am sending you nine hundred and ninety-nine kisses through the air. Put out your hands and catch them." A friend surprised

one morning in their dark and damp home, Mozart and his wife, waltzing in their little apartment to keep warm, for there was no feul to feed the stove.

These stories gather around the man who had such wonderful power of interpreting love. Much of his life was unlovely. He died literally a pauper, his body was sent to a cemetery in connection with fifteen others to be buried in the potter's field. It was raining, and a cold and sleety day, and so the little escort abandoned the coffin at the gate and he was buried by perfunctory workmen.

When, only a few years afterwards, an attempt was made to locate the grave of Mozart, who had been called the greatest musician who had ever lived, it was discovered that the grave had been torn open to make room for later paupers as is the case in the potter's field. The son of the caretaker of the cemetery, though, with a prevision that is notable, though somewhat ghastly, realizing the exceptional power of this particular pauper, saved the skull, and it is said that it is now to be seen in one of the museums of Vienna.

This is but a sketch of the outward story. I cannot tell the inner story, I lack both time and ability to interpret the real power of this man, of whom Frederick Harrison, in his Biographies of Great Men, says:

> He was the most wonderful of all musical geniuses.
>
> At twenty he had exhausted everything that music had to teach and produced classic and lasting words in every department.

In describing his death, Harrison says:

> So ended the greatest musician, at the age of thirty-five.
>
> In song he is acknowledged supreme. No other master has left an equal number of exquisite songs of which the world never tired.
>
> To those who love pure melody, Mozart is without a rival. To those who prefer elaborate harmonies, he is not second.

He lived in a brilliant age. The great Sebastian Bach died years before Mozart was born. A son of the great Bach was numbered among the musicians of London who welcomed Mozart to that city. Goethe, it is believed, heard him at Frankfort; Beethoven visited him. Shelley, Goethe and Lessing were thinking and teaching the same harmonies which broke upon Mozart's ear, only they spoke through words and not through musical forks and strings.

The story of the opera of the Magic Flute will perhaps bring us as close to our subject as I am able to bring you in this one sermon-study.

Mozart had scored a great triumph at Prague and he came back hoping that by this triumph he might find the city of Vienna ready to respond to him. But triumph brought only flattery and promises. It brought no bread and butter. So some man who ran a sort of a "White City" summer attraction in a suburb of Vienna—a German biographer calls it a "wood", theatre, a place of resort—induced him to write a comic opera for him in which he himself was to be the clown character. And so he entrusted to him the story of the Magic Flute, which I have already hinted at in outline. The principal character, according to this adventurous entertainer, was to be a bird-catcher, he himself was to appear in the garb of a bird, which he claimed was the only way to catch birds. But the burden of care of body, of need, of life itself, brought higher inspirations, and the composer interjected into the Magic Flute composition some of his most subtle and spiritual interpretations of religion and life. He did it so successfully that the comedian, the mere entertainer, the summer show man in the suburb, realized his ambition and at the same time the world received a deathless production. The power of this magic flute in the hands of those who seek virtues is contrasted with the possible power of that same flute when handled by the forces of evil. There is a sorceress in the story bent on mischief and swayed by cruelty, who sought the defeat of innocent love. There is a priest of Isis devoted to the ideals and to the sanctities of a religion who guarded the simple, pure-hearted lover, and the power of the magic flute in the hands of the lovers led them through the great ordeals which the fell forces ordained. Perhaps it will be of interest to some of us to know that the first serious ordeal is that of practicing silence under temptation. The ordeals by fire and water were each easily passed by the hero who was able to keep his tongue still under great provocation. The sorceress was defeated, the priest of religion triumphed. Into this love comes another potent element, fertile in sermon lessons. Mozart was a devout Catholic as Bach was a stalwart Protestant, but Bach, by the power of music, rose into the universal, so that he could write a mass for the Catholic ritual, and Mozart incorporated into some of his operas the more popular and conquering Lutheran airs. But neither of these phases of religion gave forth the pure music of love and brotherhood and so he became an active member of the order of Free Masons and engaged in the propaganda which we cannot understand in this country, perhaps we can hardly sympathize with it. It was the great uprising in which Goethe, Harder, Lessing and others took part.

Now, as you know, I have not much skill with grips and signs and countersigns. I am too stupid to be a good "fraternity man"; I tried it once or twice. I got to be a patriarch somewhere and a grand counseler or high chief or something of the kind in something else; but I couldn't keep it up, I would forget the grip. I couldn't even "work" myself in to an assembly of the G. A. R., although I have served "three years in the front." I always forgot the pass-words. These things do not much appeal to me, and still I think it is but true to the genius of Mozart, as well as true to the facts of history, that he led a large host of sensitive spirits out of the technicalities of the conventional church, out of the stereotype creeds and rituals into something broader that put into the foreground the fountains of life, that interpreted religion in terms of helpfulness, that glorified the ritual of fellowship and friendship into things of beauty that are joys forever. And such, I take it, today is the claim, and to a degree the realization, of the great secret orders that minister to millions. This is the age of Fraternities among men and clubs and Sororities and things among women unnumbered on both sides, and the justification that comes to both men and women is that here they find a fellowship more religious, one that offers to them freer work, a more inspiring challenge to the aspiring soul. So this curious comic opera is laden with mystic meanings and significant insinuations. It is charged with the burden of him who was himself the Magic Flute of his generation and his flute music is still an inspiring power throughout the world.

Mozart was born one hundred and sixty-three years

ago. He died at thirty-five. His bones were buried in a pauper's grave, their resting place is not known, and still I stand here on the outer steps of the temple of harmony and confess my inability to enter therein. The Magic Flute was his last great operatic triumph. It sounded the message of love. It was inspired by a fellowship and a fraternity that was more intensive, more inreaching and subtle in power, in light as he understood it, than either the rule of the Pope or of the brave band that followed Luther out of the sanctities of the church.

I am not straining history, certainly not the privileges of this pulpit, in calling attention to this great truth. Neither am I disloyal to his inspirations when I say in the light of the one hundred and sixty-three years that have intervened since his birthtime, he reckoned without his host when he placed even the great order of Masonry, or any other order recruited by selective processes, the fellowship of which is guarded by signs and countersigns, by committees, by-laws and constitutions, a fellowship that is selective rather than inclusive, as the crowning instrument of the social soul. The freedom he sought and found has long since broken through and beyond the voice of any fraternity, lodge, club or society. This passion for boundaries perhaps became the malady of his time, as it is the malady of our day. The fetish of society today is the potency of constitutions and by-laws, a faith in the sanctities of committees, a superstitious belief in the potency of "officers" and "offices." Heavenly music ever refuses to be cribbed and confined by any "society," church or creed. The mighty mother church itself, the most stupendous organized fact in history, antedating and outreaching all the secular powers established by circles and organizations, has failed to keep up with the inspiration of music. Mozart today leads the hosts that wear no regalia. He speaks to a multitude, unrecorded and unadmitted to any fraternity, unpassed by committees, not approved or disapproved by white or black balls.

Let us be glad that this man came at last to the inspiration that enabled him to play upon the magic flute that knocks down like the music of the Greek mythology solid stone walls of bigotry, of nationality, of creed, of sect and race.

Shot through and through this story of the Magic Flute and its triumph in a summer theatre on the outskirts of Vienna is that other story of the great death song of Mozart. When a boy, a lad on his tours, he heard the great "Miserere," as sung in the Sistine Chapel in Rome, which was of course the last word in the way of musical achievement within the church. That Miserere was guarded by the strictest rules which forbid that any music should be copied or a copy to be passed out of the possession of the Sistine Chapel. This little boy heard that music and went back to the hotel and reproduced it from memory, from beginning to end, after that one hearing, perhaps the greatest achievement of any musical mind known in history.

In his waning days when wife and child were sick in a hospital and when he was in the grim clutches of the userer and he knew not where the day's bread was to come from, a strange, weird figure appeared before him, a tall, gaunt figure dressed in gray and offered him a sum of money which seemed to him providential—as I figure it out perhaps it was not more than twenty-five or thirty dollars—on condition that he write a requiem, a mourning song, in his own way and his own time, and this voice, it seemed scarcely more, said, "When it is ready I will have more money, but do not try to find me, it will be useless, hopeless." He felt it was a mystic call from the borderland, and so he began to work on that requiem, which was interrupted by the clamor of the man who wanted the Magic Flute. Once more, perhaps twice, the strange visitor appeared and left some more money and an increased emphasis on his desire for the requiem. The third and last time he came the great musician had passed beyond his reach, he had gone out of the world composing this requiem, which he said to his wife was for himself. As he was dying, the score was brought to his bedside; a picked quartette gathered around him and he, singing the alto, started the movement of the music, but weakness and emotion ended in tears. The last visible action of the mouth of the dying man showed that he was working on that requiem which a pupil later did the best he could to complete.

So Mozart goes out of the world, composing a great hymn of consolation, a great movement that would glorify death and thereby ennoble life.

Where is the Magic Flute today? In whose hands is it entrusted? That flute that stirs the heart's emotion, that flute that overcomes indolence and selfishness, that flute that will charm the masses? Is it in the hands of the powers of darkness or the powers of light? Does it sing the songs of hate and violence, or of love, patience and submission? I leave you to make the application. I would be disloyal to my office as I understand it and to this position as I have tried to interpret it, if I did not try to bring this as every other subject I have ever brought to this desk down to date, and God helping me, I ever will.

There is a magic flute playing charming music in the United States today. Chicago follows this music as children followed the Pied Piper of Hamelin, aye, into the dark cave beyond. But it has a sound of war; it has the sound of national pride and always implies a national hate. The patriotism that knows geographical boundaries is necessarily bordered by another country, not liked, hated, antagonized, or at least distrusted and watched.

I invoke the great magic flute, whom we call Mozart, to help interpret patriotism in terms non-geographical, to help interpret religion in terms non-ecclesiastical and non-dogmatic, and when patriotism is thus interpreted, the only song that will lure is the song of universal brotherhood, the only boundaries of "my land" are the boundaries that include the dwelling place of all God's children.

The great Magic Flute we have been considering was silenced by hunger, buried in neglect, his bones being entrusted to a pauper's grave in the potter's field.

But outward defeats do not dim the glory of the story of Mozart, or limit the potency of his song; they but emphasize the nobility of his message, the deathlessness of his music which is always cosmopolitan. Music will not abide as a petty thing. It may break out at Catholic altars or take shelter in Free Masonry, but neither can hold it. It may draw people out of the narrow limits of the church into the so-called club life of the day, but no club life can con-

fine or monopolize it. It is as democratic as sunshine, as unconquerable as the planets in their orbits. It is harmony allied to the divine. Harmony is the voice of God, music is perhaps the ultimate revelation of God through man to man.

In the life of the divine Will, Father, may we go forth to sing as best we may under Thy guidance the songs of love, of peace, of truth, and of good will among men. Amen.

Religion and the American Democracy

The air is full of schemes of reconstruction of all kinds; after the war all things are to become new, which is very nice and hopeful. But I confess that I am almost reaching the point of boredom with the literature of the subject. What a dreary world it would be if all our reconstructors had their way with it! But my chief complaint against the current discussion is its lightheartedness. The stubborn levity with which this terrific transaction of turning the world upside down is approached by a host of busy, fussy little minds is truly appalling. If a censorship of schemes of reconstruction could be established in place of the censorship of the press, life would become perceptibly easier for some of us.

The first step in the process of reconstruction is a survey of the foundations; and yet the question whether we want new foundations or whether the old ones are good enough for the new superstructure is hardly ever canvassed. It is lightly assumed that the reconstruction must take place within the cycle of traditional aims; and the primary postulates of sound social architecture are left out of the discussion. What is the use of a new social framework without a new orientation of spirit? How can we envisage a new social order without some idea of what we want it to produce? What profit is it to reorganize social functions if we lack a conception of social ends? And as yet, so far as I know, nobody seems to have carried this discussion into "the realm of ends."

Mr. Stewart Macalister, when he was in charge of Palestine Exploration, made the remark that the only safe assumption on which to proceed in the identification of sacred sites was that none of the traditional identifications was genuine, not even that of Jerusalem. This was, of course, a whimsical hyperbole; but it suggested a necessary precaution for all explorers, and especially for all those busy adventurers into the future who grow daily more numerous. They must set out with a candid scepticism of the validity of all our traditional syntheses and accepted institutions. Their first need is a resolute policy of the open mind. It will not do merely to scrap a few of the more obvious and peripheral anomalies of our social or religious life, atrophied sectarian labels, ancient and discredited economic phrases and the like. There must be a definite and explicit intention to throw the searchlight upon our whole inherited scheme of life.

It is a refreshing breeze of this candor that gives its main interest to a little book which came into my hands a few days ago, "Religion and the New American Democracy," by Joseph Ernest McAfee. Mr. McAfee has not only an open mind but a pleasant and persuasive pen; and once you have started on the book, you have to finish it. In contrast to Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s timid excursion into the region of ecclesiastical reconstruction, Mr. McAfee takes a stout broom and sweeps away with a business-like gesture a whole collection of irrelevancies which confuse thought and hamper action. I confess that I greatly fear that he is asking for trouble; he has provided the materials of a first-class heresy hunt. But he has undoubtedly cleared the ground for action of another and a more hopeful kind.

Mr. McAfee's central idea is that the growing community spirit which has unified the forces of education will presently insist upon subjecting the religious forces to the same process. He rightly inveighs against the criminal multiplication of sectarian places of worship in small communities and the autocratic control of centralized religious machines; and he sees relief from the present chaos only in an attempt on the part of each community to effect a synthesis of the religious elements present in it in a community church. He does not propound this as a scheme; he maintains that it is surely going to happen. And the community church will be comprehensive enough to include not only the multitudinous Protestantism of America but Roman Catholics and Jews. He foresees, of course, that the external variations of religious type must be provided for by some plan of internal differentiation in the community church.

Mr. McAfee is on sound lines in insisting that unity must come by way of comprehension rather than by way of compromise. To gain a basis of unity by agreeing upon the least common denominator leaves only a thin, colorless, emasculated faith. But the more I think of Mr. McAfee's proposal, the more am I staggered by his optimism. There is nothing in which mankind has proved so fissiparous as in religion, and failing some seismic psychological change in the man in the street, I do not see the community church within hail. I wish I did. The present chaos and waste is scandalous and intolerable; and to pursue a blind policy of "laissez faire" will only make confusion worse confounded. No serious mind can accept such a responsibility.

My feeling is that Mr. McAfee will have to start his argument at a deeper level. He quotes a definition of religion from "one of our ablest thinkers" as "a consciousness of the higher social values." But he must surely see that this will not do. A consciousness of the higher social values is not religion but one of its products. Religion is essentially a relation, more or less conscious, more or less articulate, to an ultimate reality. You may call this ultimate reality God or Allah or *x;* but the sense that it is there and that we have in some way or other to do with it, is religion. But the character of a religion, its distinctive exercises, its ethical reactions, its sense of social values depend upon the particular moral quality it associates with its ultimate reality. Religious differences are not after all mere surface variations; they enter into the very texture of life. When a Mohammedan prays to Allah and Mr. McAfee prays to God, *they simply do not mean the same thing,* and I cannot conceive of a community church expansive enough to include them both. And even within the Christian fold there are incompatibilities almost as profound, as, for instance, between Mr. McAfee and Billy Sunday. There is among us already a charity which should enable us to live together in peace; but we have not reached that plane of charity on which we call upon God in unison, or which can obscure the

fact that many of us are—however sincerely—working for irreconcilable ends.

I do not see how we can approach the problem at all fruitfully without in the first instance limiting its frontiers with some severity. A community Protestant Church would be a great achievement in itself,—a considerable step in the way, and it is not impracticable, I think. But the first step toward this achievement is to face a few questions. What is the end of the church? What is it here for? Is it merely a focus for the religious interests and exercises of a society of people who conceive of God in the same general way? Has it any propagandist duties? If so, what are they? Within what limits and under what conditions are they to be exercised? Is proselytism to be barred out? If so, what then becomes of the New Testament? And if the New Testament is not to be accepted as normative, how are we to define the nature and the uses of a Christian society?

Perhaps I am not yet emancipated from the dead hand; but I find myself more convinced than ever that it is impossible to think out the meaning of religion rightly except over against the background of the moral tragedy of the world. Our task, whether as churchmen or sociologists, is to solve the problem of overcoming that radical egoism in human nature which is sometimes called sin and which, whatever you call it, is the spring of all our social confusions, the energy of disintegration which leads to war and to all the agelong schemes which rend the race. And despite all that Mr. McAfee says of the spiritual elements involved in this war, we are confronted with the most colossal relapse into barbarism that civilized history records. Not all our culture and education, not all the alleged forces of evolution have availed to prevent it; and I confess I see no hope for the world unless for this radical evil there is a no less radical remedy. The community church is a remedy for a great deal of scandalous confusion and waste, for the absence of charity and mutual understanding; but for the ultimate moral disorder which lies behind all this and of much more and much worse, there seems to be nothing adequate except that process of personal revolution which—when all is said and done—is the distinctive note of the New Testament.

If Christianity were a cultus, then the sooner the better it were merged in the rest of its kind. But it is not a cultus but a Gospel; and when it loses that character, it becomes something else. I am not concerned about a label,—not even that of Christian; but the essentially revolutionary impact of the good news must, it seems to me, be preserved at all costs. Our hope of the new world stands or falls with it. And this raises one more of my misgivings, and that is the persistency of the word *American* in Mr. McAfee's discussion. Virtually he is on the way to a new "national" church. I know that many think it to be the glory of the Reformation that it produced "national" churches; but the Christian consciousness is specifically super-national. Nationality moreover is not a permanent principle in the world's affairs; it is a comparatively modern phenomenon, and its history shows that it is only a stage in the development of mankind as it passes on from the stage of tribalism to a citizenship wide as the world. The Christian outlook is toward "the great society," in which (if the New Testament is to be trusted) there is neither Greek nor Jew, neither American nor Chinaman. And if religion be expressed in "a consciousness of the higher social values," it is entirely certain that in the Christian scheme these higher social values are determined by the vision of a human unity which transcends our Americanism and our Britannicism and our Gallicism and all the rest.

I have wandered on, rather at random; and I could say a good deal more. That, however, is the best compliment I could pay to Mr. McAfee. His little book "gives furiously to think," and I suppose that is what he chiefly intended it to do. Meantime, I want to say that all this that I have written is not meant for criticism. It is only the record of a few reactions to an extraordinarily stimulating discussion.

The New World for May. —*Richard Roberts.*

What Soldiers Read

Sir: You—I—everyone—hears much of what soldiers read. Soldiers are apt to be almost anything or anybody. Why try to classify what they read?

They read many English novels, much popular fiction, much modern poetry. In the Y. M. C. A. library at this aviation school, supposedly attracting the highest type of men mentally, there is much Kipling, some George Moore, some Gorki—and much litter. (Not that I mean to discriminate by separating the litter.) There are no books by Turgenev, no books of Walt Whitman's poems, no Browning. To reach a camp library a book must be what usually goes to the Salvation Army, or popularly acclaimed. Robert Service's "poems"? Yes, they are here—in quantity. The men do read the books sent them, too, if they read at all. The college men are no exception; many are the ones who avow Kipling and Service great poets; college didn't rescue them. Why?

American colleges, however, do not recognize, not really you know, that Scandinavia, with Ibsen, Strindberg—Russia with Gagol, Pushkin, Turgenev, Dostoevski, exist, in literature. Anglo-Saxon literature is broad enough, much too broad, in fact, to engross the interest of either American universities or students.

If some one, in some insidious manner, were made to believe that English literature is not the greatest literature in the world, that much greater exists if one were only able to get to it, he would have to look elsewhere than to American schools for the truth of the matter.

American soldiers, like all Americans, read just what America and her schools have taught her to read. They like pretty stories, romances, tales of adventure, detective stories—*action* in fact.

Books with a philosophical background—banish the thought. We red-blooded Americans want stories with a kick and the good old jazz in them.

The New Republic. —*Robert N. McAlmon.*

"For a man may bring knowledge to us by conveying to us what he has studied, or what he has read in a book; but the electric currents are transmitted throughout us by those who tell us what they have seen with their own eyes, the voices they have heard with their own ears."—*Selected.*

Great men need not that we praise them. The need is ours: that we know them.—*Selected.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Beginnings

Myth and Legend Versus the True Story

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXV

First, Second and Third Commandments Piety, Reverence

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God in Vain.—Exodus XX;7.

Our lesson this morning concerns itself with the first three commandments of the tablet on piety, the relation of the soul to God. The political nature of the government that Moses is supposed to have given was theocratic, direct government from God Almighty. Later in the story of government the aristocratic form was evolved, the government of the few, the chosen; still later a monarchy, the government of one, and at last a democracy, the government of the people.

Under the theocratic form, according to the conventional orthodox explanation, Moses was directed to lead his countrymen out of their Egyptian bondage across the Red Sea into the Peninsula of Sinai, there to discipline them by continuous marching and counter marching, directing their lives in the desert in order to win them from their old traditions and to inaugurate them as a nation in the Promised Land.

While Moses was on the Mountain receiving the tablets, the people below, remembering the tangible worship they had left behind in Egypt, became restive, reactionary, and Aaron, the second in command, yielding to their wishes, took their offerings of precious metal, gold and silver, melted them and formed a calf. Perhaps the highest worship in Egypt was the worship of Apis, not at first the worship of an image, but a living sacred bull, which worship following the law of psychology, gave way to the image, more easily handled and finally so multiplied that the images could be worn as jewelry.

We know that these "ten words,"—the Hebrew thinks he can give them in ten words,—represent the solidified experience of unnumbered generations of Semitic life in the farther east, including the development of the Code of Hammurapi. They represent the slow, gradual crystallization of human society into ethical conditions, the soul beating out of the reverences of the human heart the right and wrong of it, the good and bad of it. We can pay no higher tribute to the Jew than to recognize that his traditions in the evolution of religion lead back into ethics in a most remarkable way. The Greek was perhaps as religiously bent as the Jew but his ethics are far below those of the Jew. The Greeks had beautiful gods but they behaved shamefully. The Jewish religion, while austere and grim, was profoundly ethical.

The command, *Thou shalt have no other gods before me,* harks back to the polytheism out of which the Israelites came, by which they were impressed, and to a condition which we can hardly understand. Their assumption was that there were many local gods, Rai, Bel, Astarte, Moloch, etc., but Yahveh demanded all their allegiance and they must not be drawn away by the show and parade and glitter of those other gods. That was the purpose of the commandment at that time. We can easily bring it down to date. There is more polytheism now than ever because more leisure, while art and fredom co-operate and combine for the multiplication of rival deities. It is profoundly true that money, society, fashion, uniforms, signs and symbols are very numerous.

The second commandment is subtle. *Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image, nor any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth.* It is claimed that the Jews have never furnished great sculptors, that this command has cast its shadow over the whole race and has been practically interpreted through the centuries as an avoidance of all imagery, though in later years the Jew has made honorable place for himself among painters. During the early Christian era he would naturally recoil from the current artistic effort which was so Christian and so anti-Semitic. The Greeks had glorified the beauty of the human form and the glory of the human face and the Christians started where the Greeks left off.

A tradition, noted somewhere by Lowell, tells us that the statue of St. Peter in the minister at Rome is none other than a statue of Apollo. Anyhow the statue still commands admiration if not adoration.

The Jews did desecrate their religion by making images. This commandment is one against outwardness, against the formalities of religon and as such is still commanding. There is a hardening desecration of the Christian who wears a jeweled cross.

Psychologically profound is the command, *Thou shalt not take the name of Jehovah thy God in vain; for Jehovah will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.* This is not only a command against swearing and profanity; it includes that, but it is a plea for the sanctity of words, the dignity of speech. There is an inevitable connection ethically between good speech and good morals. It is not straining the commandment to say that it is a warning against the demoralization of vulgar speech. Who can measure the demoralization of ideals, the coarsening of interests, the cheapening of religion that a city undergoes at the hands of Billy Sunday. "Billy" himself we can take as a jestor in the king's court who plays the fool in order to enforce his lesson, but what of the endorsement of this indignity to good taste, good morals and refinement on the part of fifteen or eighteen hundred preachers in Chicago. Such campaigns leave cities hardened and sear the fine sensibilities of the human hearts of unnumbered young people. Those who "strike the sawdust trail," it is to be feared, are left when it is all over with a certain kind of shame. They have desecrated their souls and have burned out some very delicate refinements of the spirit. All this is a violation of the third commandment.

Jesus in his sermon on the Mount unfolds the spirit and not the letter of these commandments. He says:

Ye have heard that it was said to them of old time,

Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment; but I say unto you that every one who is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; and whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of the hell of fire. If therefore thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

. . . . . .

Again, ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oaths: but I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by the heaven, for it is the throne of God; nor by the earth, for it is the footstool of his feet; nor by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, for thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your speech be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: and whatsoever is more than these is of the evil one.

This is a very free translation of an old dogma into a living reality. Run through the whole sermon; a splendid commentary on the ten commandments, releasing us from forms and technicalities and giving a glimpse of the attitude of mind of the Master.

The Jews of old laid the foundation of a reverence much more far reaching than their application. For instance, the traditional and conservative Jew has laid remarkable emphasis on the sacredness of words. The child of the conservative Jew is taught never to put his foot on paper lest it bear the name of God and unwittingly he be guilty of irreverence. They regard the name of God with such awe that it is never pronounced even by the Rabbis, but the synonym Adonai used instead. The pronunciation of J H V H, the word representing God, has been lost. A Christian priest of the middle ages borrowed the vowels from the word Adonai and gave us the word we now use, Yahveh or Jahveh, the J and Y being interchangeable in Hebrew.

The old legend said that the word must never be spoken except on the great atonement day, and then only by the High Priest, who was permitted to enter the Holy of Holies and there utter the word. Even he did not dare to go in without a rope round his waist in case he should speak the word unworthily and have to be dragged out in a faint. If he was worthy he was enabled to accomplish something high and fine as became the day.

If we give this third commandment an up-to-date interpretation we must accept it as a command to preserve the purity of speech, to respect the dignity of the dictionary. There may be room for slang words on the way to respectability but it is very dangerous to handle slang. That which does not add to the picturesqueness of language, does not give an effectiveness to speech, is demoralizing. The primitive revelation given to men is found in words, not Bible texts but speech, that makes texts possible, and there is a very real sense in which we are given the word of God, which is enriched as our vocabulary is enriched.

Browning makes a magnificent use of the old Hebrew superstition as to the sacredness of the word for God. Abt Vogler is a musician who has been improvising on his organ keys until he has lifted himself out of himself, above his surroundings, his traditions, and feels at one with the universe. After he has improvised that superhuman world he stands in the dark and says:

Would that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,
Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,
Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when Solomon willed
Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,
Man, bruite, reptile, fly,—alien of end and of aim,
Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep removed,—
Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable Name,
And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he loved!
Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine,
This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned to raise!
Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and now combine,
Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise!
And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,
Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,
Then up again swim into sight, having based me my palace well,
Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.
And another would mount and march, like the excellent minion he was,
Aye, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a crest,
Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,
Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest:
For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire,
When a great illumination surprises a festal night—
Outlining round and round Rome's dome from space to spire)
Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my soul was in sight.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Describe the government which Moses is recorded as having given to the people of Israel.

(2) What influences in the history of the Jews led to the necessity of the first and second commandments?

(3) Make a broad modern application of the third commandment.

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY

I.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
When Nature underneath a heap
This universal frame began;
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold and hot and moist and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

. . . . . .

To worship that celestial sound:
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly, and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

. . . . . .

IV.

The soft camplaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pain and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

. . . . . .

VI.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared
Mistaking earth for heaven.

. . . . . —*Dryden.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

TRUE DEMOCRACY—THE MIGHTIEST SHIP OF ALL.

I know a ship, a mighty ship,
The mightiest of all;
It's traveling slowly on its way,
Majestic, strong and tall.

The Christ, He is the Captain bold,
And at the helm is Love;
It's manned throughout by supermen,
Whose strength comes from above;

Their ammunition—friendly thoughts,
And kindly deeds their sword,
For everyone who sails must help
Another one aboard.

Its hull is stronger far than steel,
Its tonnage measureless,—
How many passengers it holds,
No one can rightly guess!

Its starting point is God's Abode,
And Faith its compass true,
Its destination—Brotherhood
For all, the whole world through!

It stops for everyone who calls,
No matter what his race,
And helping hands are ready there
All difference to efface.

Though storms may rage and rocks abound,
It never shipwreck brings,
For it is held by cables strong
Attached to angel wings.

No submarine, no aeroplane
Can make a dent or hole,
The Everlasting Arms protect
The ship and every soul.

Oh, hasten all and join the ship,
It's sailing on and on,
And it will sail straight on its way,
When all things else are gone!

EFCE EMDES.

A STUDY OF WOMEN AS INVENTORS.

Not long ago the insignia of the British Empire were conferred on a woman for an invention which, declares London *Engineering*, required exceptional courage and self-sacrifice. The official account said no more. Has the war, asks our contemporary, which caused women by the thousands to flock into industry and there to grow familiar with engineering, led to an increase of the inventive faculty among them? Before the war woman's most successful invention was the curved hairpin with turned-up ends. It was patented by a woman who studied the shapes of fifty human skulls at the Royal College of Surgeons before she hit upon the proper scientific curve. Since the war there have been Miss Hallé's papier-máché splints and surgical appliances. Last year a nurse in Devonshire took out a patent for exercising the limbs of soldiers who have been wounded. A collapsible stretcher has been invented by a woman. The British patent office compiles no classification of women inventors. It merely enumerates applications from women and puts the result in the general report. Thus for the three and a half years since the war there were 268 applications for patents from women inventors in 1915, 238 in 1916, 253 in 1917 and about a third of the latter number for the two months of the present year covered by the statistics. These figures show a slight tendency to a decrease, but applications to the patent office from male inventors have decreased steadily, since many of them are war devices to meet war needs and are therefore submitted directly to other bodies.

"Nothing very striking, no startling new war device, has been invented by a woman. There is nothing wonderfully new even in woman's own sphere, the domestic. Nevertheless, fully half of the 54 are mechanical contrivances, from an electrically operated police alarm to an automatic wool-winder. A man's name also figures in the specification for this latter; one suspects that he was used as a human wool-winder till in desperation he devised a machine. There are only three other patents taken out jointly with men, and they are for hinged splints, improvements in wall boxes for electrical switches, a method of keeping glass motor screens clear of raindrops and an apparatus for the conveyance of cotton and wool waste from the washers to the bleaching-boxes. Women's other mechanical inventions include a self-threading needle for a sewing machine, a portable electric heater, a vacuum hair-cleaner, a milk sterilizer, an improved method of spraying paint, and a new form of coin-fed telephone apparatus."

On the domestic side, a rack for drying cups and glasses instead of only plates has been invented by a bookkeeper. Another domestic invention is a draining appliance fixed to the boiler to save the labor of wringing out clothes. A simpler article is a washing-board corrugated on one side and plain on the other. Dressmaking appliances account for three of these fifty-four patents, food-preserving apparatus for two and musical instruments for one.

"Perhaps the most fashionable feminine invention is an improved fork for digging potatoes, with which one is warranted to do more work than one's neighbor. The nursery inspires many patents—one is a movable seat which folds under a perambulator when not in use, and is extended by bars pivotally connected in the manner of lazy tongs. A protective railing to a baby's swing-cot is the work of an ingenious mother. Eight patents for toys form a fraction over a seventh of the total. One woman, by profession described as a physicist, has patented two different kinds of dolls, one such as can be 'elongated and telescoped' by means of a string, the other a doll with two or three pairs of eyes, which can be made to roll round and squint and change color. Another toy is a humming top made in the form of a Prussian officer, who invariably falls on his face and bites the dust when he has finished his spin and his song.

"It remains to be seen whether inventive faculty among women will increase with their opportunities for engineering and mechanical pursuits. We have had new dishes; new 'national' dress, with saving of material and labor, are already being worn; but new devices for every possible kind of labor-saving are needed more than ever, not only at home but in industry, and women should set their wits to work.

Current Opinion for July.

THE GOLDEN RULE WORLD WIDE.

There is probably no more widely known nor universally beloved woman in the world than Lady Aberdeen, for fifteen years president of the International Council of Women. Lady Aberdeen, before her marriage to the Seventh Earl of Aberdeen at the age of twenty-three, was the Hon. Ishbel Maria Marjoribanks, youngest daughter of the late Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, First Baron of Tweedmouth.

One of the famous visitors to the Highland home of her father in Inverness-shire was Mr. Gladstone. As a little child she used to mount her shaggy pony and go for long rides with the distinguished statesman, who conversed with her on subjects of wide human interest, so impressing her with the worth of life and individual responsibility, that years later, when grown to womanhood and the wife of the young Earl of Aberden with important official duties confronting her, she, with her husband, determined to devote her life to useful work, to the end that the world would be better for their having lived in it.

Early in her married life, while presiding over Haddo House, Aberdeen, she founded the Haddo House Association, an organization which aimed at self-culture founded on democratic principles, which developed into the Onward and Upward Association with many thousand members. Later, when Vicereine at Dublin, her warm sympathies were aroused over the sore need and poverty of Ireland and she used her influence and personal energies to find a market for the beautiful fabrics, laces and carvings manufactured in the cottages and convents, establishing the Irish Industrial Association.

From 1893 to 1898 Lord Aberdeen was Governor-General of Canada. With equal zeal and enthusiasm Lady Aberdeen entered into the life of that dominion, assisting in the founding of the National Council of the Women of Canada and founding the Victorian Order of Nurses of Canada. In 1905, when they again returned to Ireland, Lady Aberdeen helped to organize and was made president of the Women's National Health Association of Ireland, which immediately entered upon a widespread campaign against tuberculosis.

The Delineator, August, 1918.

REBUILDING NEW SALEM.

HISTORIC VILLAGE OBLITERATED BY TIME IS BEING REPRODUCED AS PART OF MENARD COUNTY'S CELEBRATION OF ILLINOIS' CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY.

New Salem hill was the scene of much activity on Tuesday. After the fashion of the early settlers in the erection of similar buildings, the Old Salem Lincoln League, in the restoration of the old village of New Salem, set aside Tuesday as "house raising day" and invited the surrounding community to participate. Nearly a hundred workers answered the call and as a result four of the principal buildings comprising the town were "raised." Instead of a barbecue at noon, as the original builders of New Salem would have enjoyed, a big fish fry furnished fuel for renewed efforts during the strenuous afternoon.

It is of distinction to Petersburg and the Lincoln League that nowhere else in America would it have been possible for so many personal friends and descendants of personal friends of Lincoln to have gathered together as were assisting Tuesday in the work on Salem Hill. No less than fifteen had known Lincoln personally or were immediate descendants of persons who had been familiar with New Salem when he lived there; and there were few in the assembly who could not boast an ancestor who had been intimately connected with the village of New Salem when it was "Lincoln's home."

Among those who personally knew Lincoln were William Swingle and John H. Kincaid of Athens, Samuel Callaway of Tallula, William Tozer of Rock Creek, Thos. Yoakum of Salisbury and Joel Clark of Petersburg.

The workers were told off in squads by William L. Wilms, a director of the League, to whom the control of the grounds has been assigned, and each squad had charge of one building and a boss carpenter. On the Offut store Henry Edwards, William Woodrum, Alva Tozer and Chas. Clarke each had charge of a corner, all under the general direction of Garrett Wilms; while 'Squire William Jacoby, D. L. Bennett and Lyle D. Watkins waited on the corner-men and elevated the logs. The Rutledge Inn, being a double building, required a larger force, there being six corner-men in charge of Uncle Tom Yoakum, who ran one of the corners himself. Among the steady corner-men were Harve Lane, Elmer Clark, John Harms and John Gellerman, while George Warnsing, Arthur Lintner, Ben Hutcherson, Kennedy Kincaid, Frank Whitney, Henry Waters, Dr. Irving Newcomer, J. A. Smedley, B. H. Adams and others helped part of the time. On the Dr. Allen House and the McNamar store building there were no expert corner-men and these were closely looked after by Mr. Wilms; and many of the workers being "soft," the corners changed hands frequently. Rev. S. B. Harry, Mayor Clary, Postmaster Levering, W. Y. Ramsey, phone man, Harve Combs, Edgar and Elias Watkins, E. E. Dawson, W. M. Suhn, Cyrus Buckley, J. E. Henderson, Will Greene, Jake Hofing, Cabinas Bale, Earl Kincaid, J. A. Flatt, Monroe Small, J. C. New, Fred Henninger, D. B. Finney, Ed. Boeker, Herman Aachte, Edwin Waldmire, Harry Jones and L. O. Beek all took a hand. Then there were the brush cutters, Cal Stuffelbeam, Reep, Nelson, Earl Kincaid and others. Charles Olsen and Bob Malson helped on the buildings and cut sod while John Tozer dragged logs with his team and hauled sod. Charles Katzenstein, Henry Schroeder and Albert Lane were handy men. Adolph Bergman and James Cordery were useful. Jim Arnold, with George Jones as helper, fed the workers with as fine fried fish as anyone ever ate. There were one hundred pounds of fish at the beginning, but there wasn't even one small basketful gathered up at the finish.

Since the pageant has been postponed until the 2d and 3d of September, it is planned to have another day for opening up the old Springfield stage road at the south entrance.

—*Petersburg (Ill.) Democrat.*

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